Till I do talke a word with *Warwicke*.
Now *Warwicke*, euen vpon thy honor tell me true;
Is *Edward* lawfull King, or no?
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.
War. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credite.
Lewis. VVhat, is he gracious in the peoples eyes?
War. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.
Lewis. VVhat, is his loue to our Siſter *Bona*?
War. Such it ſeemes,
As may beſeeme a Monarch like himſelfe.
My ſelfe haue often heard him ſay and ſweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground,
The leaues and fruite maintain'd with beauties ſunne,
Exempt from enuy, but not from diſdaine,
Vnleſſe the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.
Lew. Then ſiſter let vs heare your firme reſolue.
Bona. Your grant or deniall ſhall be mine,
But ere this day I muſt confeſſe, when I
Haue heard your Kings deſerts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to deſire.
Lew. Then draw neere Queene *Margaret*, and be a witneſſe,
That *Bona* ſhall be wife to the Engliſh King.
Prince Edw. To *Edward*, but not the Engliſh King.
War. *Henry* now liues in Scotland at his eaſe,
VVhere hauing nothing, nothing can he loſe,
And as for you your ſelfe, our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to maintaine your ſtate,
And better 'twere to trouble him then France.

Sound for a Poſte within.

Lewis. Heere comes ſome Poſte *Warwicke*, to thee or vs.
Poſte. My Lord ambaſſador, this Letter is for you,
Sent from your brother, Marqueſſe *Montague*.
This from our King, vnto your Maieſty.
And theſe to you Madam, from whom I know not.
Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Miſtreſſe,

Smiles